



ERTÉ WRITES OF A NEW PLAY IN MONTE CARLO AND ADVISES ABOUT EVENING GOWNS

Monte Carlo, March, 1920.

Mon cher M. Editor:

ONE hardly expected to see so soon again the ante-bellum Monte Carlo! After the epochal season of 1913-1914, six years came and went without a trace of animation, without any of the customary distractions—a long, calm period of sleep. Now all is astir with life, and the years of terror and deprivation seem entirely forgotten in the hurly-burly of social and artistic festivity.

The *Théâtre du Casino*, having terminated its season of comedy, classical ballets and concerts, produced as an interlude, before beginning its great season of opera and Russian ballets, an unique presentation of supreme literary charm—"Les Aigles dans la Tempête," an historic drama in verse by Comte A. du Bois. In 1913 the same dramatist produced on the same spot "Bérénice,"

Erté's garden apen is made of crêpe de Chine with black velvet ribbons to hold it over the shoulders and have plaited pockets for flowers. To wear with it, there is a broad flower-faced straw chapeau of graceful shape.

Over a pedestal of white marble, Erté creates sixteen cords from which hang small glass aquariums. In the water goldfish swim about, and floating upon the surface are farger-mo-nats. Altogether this is a most novel garden feature.

Truly a flower gown is the one above, for it has been made entirely of rose satin and its irregular hem and sweeping train are appliquéd with rose petals, fashioned of velvet in all the exquisite shades of rose that the garden knows.

which under the name of "d'Hérodiade" is now winning resounding applause at the *Théâtre de la Comédie Française* in Paris. The *Théâtre de Monte Carlo*, one realizes, is ever the advance guard!

M. de Max and Mlle. Pierat of the *Comédie Française* have created "The Eagles in the Tempest" at Monte Carlo. It is a drama of passion, a conflict of love and hatred. The theme, gripping in its interest and stirring in its emotion, is placed by the poet in a classic setting. The action unfolds in Rome under the reign of Domitian. A superlative tragedian, de Max has evoked through his interpretation the living figure of the perverted and passionate Caesar, while Mlle. Pierat in her impersonation of Domitian's Empress expresses the very incarnation of intense hatred. The entire drama is based solely on the conflict of passion between these two characters.

It would be futile indeed to look for historic



verity in this modern poem, for history exists here only in the names employed—let the poetic fantasy of great beauty suffice. The author, for example, would persuade us that Domitian had married the Empress after having forced her betrothed to kill himself. Fact assures us, however, that she had long been married when Domitian forced her to divorce her husband, who lived on as a subject of the empire. Again, the author reduces the subsequent reign of Domitian from fifteen to five years, and while Suetonius, the historian, attributes his assassination to a band of slaves and freedmen our poet would have him meet his end at the hand of a group of senators.

M. de Bois' drama, interpreted by de Max, is a beautiful and brilliant drama. The costumes worn by M. de Max were superb, and I noticed with pleasure that their color was always in perfect accord with the changing moods of the character he interpreted.

Alas, I can hardly say the same of the costumes worn by Mile. Pierat, who disported what seemed to be charming gowns from Rodière. She might, with perfect appropriateness, have worn these costumes in the salons of the Casino. It is incomprehensible to me that the greatest of

Madame, who watches with such interest the work of her costuriers, is clad in one of Ertl's creations for spring. Her skirt is of tricoté and her bodice of soft white cloth, braided inevitably to form a high collar, cuffs and girdle.

Over a simple skirt the costuriers wears a charming blouse, fashioned by Ertl of grey and blue mousseline. Above in the center a marvelous evening gown is being constructed of jet and embroidered satin, with draperies of soft white material to encircle the hips beneath innumerable strings of the glittering jet.

actresses will not follow the example of actors and wear costumes instead of obstinately persisting in transforming their costumes into gowns. . . .

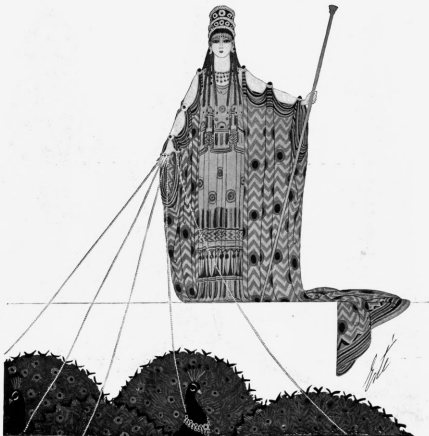
As the flowers bud and blossom along the Côte d'Azur, innumerable fêtes are in preparation—bals, waltzes, and costume balls are announced, and one awaits with interest the conceits and fancies of modern imagination. We may see nothing new; possibly we may encounter a few startling errors—inevitable incidents in the quest

for beauty, so towards these we shall be indulgent.

Gaiety reigns in Monte Carlo, for the worldlings who throng this paradisaical spot have come to pursue pleasure. Now in the gaming salons of the Casino and the club, one sees only laughing faces and hears only gay voices—it is a care-free throng this, which greets the reverses of chance with a smile and a shrug.

The toilettes which one sees in the Casino salons, at the theatre, in the great restaurants present an amusing picture. One observes many evening gowns, in which the corsage is almost entirely suppressed. Well-built women in such frocks are certainly perfect; as for those who are a trifle overplump, the prospect is not altogether pleasing.

In the quest for the original, there are seekers who forget the existence of beauty; thanks to such as these, the general effect of a costume may be rendered positively ridiculous. But happily these people are rare. . . .



THE EGYPTIAN INFLUENCE IN DRESS MAKES ERTÉ'S DESIGNS FOR THE "RESTLESS SEX" MOST INTERESTING



It will rejoice a discriminating public, interested in the Egyptian influence being felt in dress, to learn that the film version of Robert W. Chambers' "Restless Sex," soon to be released, will present an array of Egyptian costumes designed by the richly fanciful imagination of Erté. All that could lend enchantment to the ensemble—beauty of color and fabric, grace and originality of design, exquisiteness of detail—the great artist has lavishly employed. But more than this, the costumes worn in the masked ball scene of "The Restless Sex" are happily true to the spirit of the mythological deities they would portray.

The Egyptian trinity, the celestial Chinese god, the Parnassian deities, all are here with their appropriate symbols: Horus stands forth with checked head-dress and hawk-faced mask; Chang-ti looms with his interminable mustache and finger-nails; Hera drives her bridled peacocks, and Aphrodite, ravishingly girdled, disports with her encircling doves. A consummate triumph is this, and one that argues well for the artistic destiny of the cinematograph.

Above Erté creates for Hera a tall silken robe of mauve, embroidered in silks of blue and green and silver threads. Over this is worn a silver-embroidered mantle, rectangular in shape and held by pearl and sapphire plaques, which in turn are fastened to silver bracelets underneath the drapery. Strands of pearls are attached to the attendant peacocks.

Horus is clothed in smothering draperies of blue and silver tissue embroidered with glittering gold, vivid blue and scarlet, and upon his arms and ankles are bands to match. His wig is red and gold, and over his face is a mask.

Egypt's goddess Isis, when clothed by Erté, wears a sheer chemise of violet, embroidered with small black motifs. From her satin girdle strings of glittering beads are wound about her body, and each string is separate.





About Maye-Dori, deity of India, Etil winds a long transparent scarf of black mousseline, embroidered with small motifs of silver and blue. Upon her head he peices a towering creation of silver filigree that is ruby studded at its base and surrounded by a magnificent ruby.



Etil clothes Isis, husband of Isis, father of Horus and greatest of Egypt's gods, in brilliant draperies and a huge hoodress. His skirt of black and silver is held by a beautifully carved silver clasp and is surrounded by a deep jewel-studded silver band.



Chakshikar, goddess of rain, has a bodice of violet and blue and silver, and a skirt of silver and green silks. Upon her head there is a coronet of silver to match the turquoise-studded anklets and deep bracelets on her arm. Through her black hair are strung blue and silver beads.



Athena below is in violet adorned with yellow, black and mauve silks, and upon her breast the head of Medusa is embroidered in black and silver, with eyes of orange. In one hand she carries a black shield studded in silver, and in the other a lance of silver.



China's deity, Chang-ti, wears three gorgeous robes. The lower one is shy blue, embroidered in silver, the next scarlet, heavy with violet embroideries, and the upper robe violet, also lavishly adorned with silver and brilliant-colored threads.



Aphrodite, at the left, wears, a tunic of transparent mousseline, shaded exquisitely from palest lemon-yellow to vivid flame. Her girdle of silver is clasped in front with a motif on which is exquisitely carved a man's and a woman's head.





"Forgive me," said Hermione bitterly. "You sometimes make me feel as if I were a little in the way."

"Something had been said to me which I could not break away from in my mind, although I was conscious of its complete unfairness."

Dr. Raymond's eyes seemed to grow smaller and keener. He no longer desired to spare the Princess anything; it flashed across him that she would always spare herself.

"As to your future condition," he went on, "I must tell you frankly that it depends on you. There are people whose sensitiveness about their own sensations presupposes physical ill health."

"I do not wish to sound impertinent, but ill health, when there is no organic cause for it, is chiefly egotism."

"It comes from the fact that personal sensation is more interesting than outside facts. We all of us, even the strongest, have physical sensations which, if they interest us too much, become accented and may produce disease."

"You have a very powerful will, Princess Gilda, and if your mind should become sufficiently interested on any outside line, I see no reason why you should not become normally strong, providing you pay attention to common sense, eat regular and healthy meals, and take enough fresh air and exercise."

"On the other hand, a few more such serious nerve and brain attacks will land you in a permanently bad physical condition, out of which it would be practically impossible to break. You are an interesting invalid now, but as your ill health becomes chronic, you will become less and less interesting and more and more of an invalid."

"That is all I can tell you; the choice lies in your own hands."

Hermione's eyes remained steady, although they became a trifle glassy in expression.

"Thank you," she said gently, "and may I ask when you came to this conclusion about my case?"

"I think I thought so, more or less, the first time I saw you," said Dr. Raymond reflectively in calm, measured tones. "I said to myself then, 'Another of those nerve-ego redundancies.'"

Hermione lowered her eyes. They became fixed upon Dr. Raymond's hat.

"How very curious," she said, "that you did not let me know what you thought on that first occasion? Let me see, I think this must be your twelfth visit? It will be perhaps unnecessary for you to call again as I understand that my case is in my own hands—and has always been so."

Dr. Raymond never knew how he got out of the Princess Gilda's room. He felt profoundly uncomfortable, and he was conscious that he looked a fool.

Hermione said nothing further to him, but she watched him step on his hat and nearly overturn his chair. He carried away the impression that Hermione thought he had deliberately made a case out of her for money.

Hermione's quiet eyes could say a great deal, and Dr. Raymond forgot that he had told the Princess Gilda that she was a "nerve-ego redundancy," in his shame at being considered not only an inefficient, but a dishonest practitioner.

Hermione saw with satisfaction the impression that she had produced. She did not even smile at Dr. Raymond's undignified exit. She was not easily amused, but she enjoyed it. Dr. Raymond had told her what she felt it necessary to know and she had made him suffer for the inconvenience of truth.

Somebody has always to suffer in the cause of truth, and it is usually the person who attaches the greater importance to it.

If you devote your life to studying the feelings of others, you may get a little overtired and see things out of proportion, but you are not likely to be mistaken in what these feelings are.

During Hermione's convalescence Elise discovered that there was an alteration in her father. Mr. Brett appeared superficially the same, but there was, so Elise fancied, an undercurrent of restlessness in him.

He did not walk any farther than usual, and he was always to be found in his accustomed haunts,

but behind his quiet eyes and his importunate domestic comments there was a strange new grip of attention.

He knew that he was seeing the fuchsia hedges and the bird bath for the last time. "He would not often sit under the giant black yew and watch the retreating harvest fields stretch yellow and pale to the downs' edge."

He would not often see Elise standing at the top of a flight of steps, balancing a white parasol over her sunny hair.

Mr. Brett did not look at Elise with emotion, he was not an emotional man, but he looked at her with a prolonged attentiveness.

Elise did not ask him any questions, but she became daily more and more conscious that change was in the air. She came out often to look at her father, to share his gentle prowls to the garden's edge and sit with him in the last patches of the retreating sun.

Summer was drawing slowly to an end at Mambles, the color of the garden had changed, the delicate, myriad shades of the flowers had singed and massed themselves into the hard and flaunting gold of sunflowers—dull mauves, and hectic reds and beavens. Only a bush of pale blue lilies burned on as if it were still June.

The birds were all about the sky, practising unendingly their migratory flights. They broke and clustered and spread open fans above the garden hedges, crying instead of singing their last songs. The garden at Mambles was full of their agitated wings and leave-takings.

John alone noticed no sign of change, except in the weather, and Elise forbore to tell him of her perceptions.

She had discovered that John did not like changes and that it was better to let them happen to him of their own accord than to prepare him for them with a precision that might look like her personal content. Elise was no doubt very bad for men, because she always altered herself to suit their conveniences. She never expected atten- (Continued on page 130)



The genius of the early Spanish wood-carvers is manifested in altar figures, such as this of St. Michael. Courtesy Nicholas Martin.

The ACQUISITIVE CONNOISSEUR

By ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY



Example of XVIII-century sacred statuary, with the polychrome and gilt finish characteristic of the period. Courtesy Nicholas Martin.

SPANISH art, as expressed in Spanish furniture, offers a subject for collecting that is as alluring as it is difficult to obtain here in America. With its glamour of rich coloring, sumptuous embellishment and detail, it reflects the successive influences which permeated Old Spain, and the conditions under which it was originally used, throughout a period of magnificence unequalled in the history of the world.

During the earlier Spanish periods, designs of Roman furniture were commonly adopted, such as the eating-couch, state-bed, ordinary sleeping-bed, the *cathedra* or chair for women,



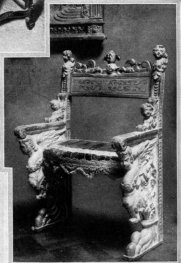
the solium or chair for the head of the house, the simple chairs without backs and the benches for the servants. The furniture used during this period was often of rare woods, inlaid with ivory or even gold and silver, and the lamps or candelabra were of silver, copper, glass or iron. Walls were hung with tapestry or decorated with mural paintings, while the fireplaces and braziers of that time have descended to present-day usage.

During a later period in Spanish history, the princely mansions and homes of wealth were furnished in a style of rude magnificence. Roman models, derived from both Roman and Byzantine (Continued on page 162)



Typically rich in detail are these old Spanish chairs. The one above, near a XVIIIth-century walnut table, is covered in illuminated leather. At the right is a gilded state chair with green velvet seat. French & Co.

This group includes an early Portuguese leather chair and a XVIIIth-century Spanish "vargueta" with the inner drawers faced with decorated bone. The drop-front is enriched with a Gothic lock and metal plaques over red velvet. XVIIIth-century ivory Madonna and brass candlesticks. Ginsburg & Levy.



Maria Edwards House

Spanish chests were varied in size and diversified in use. At the left is a late XVIIIth-century ironware chest, ornamented with illuminated iron bands and clasps and lined with Cordoba leather. Nicholas Martin.

Sir EDWARD ELGAR

By

G. Bernard Shaw.

WHEN the new London magazine "Music & Letters" was founded by Mr. Fox Strangways, the musical critic of the London "Times", it inevitably began with an article on the greatest living English composer, Edward Elgar. Few of the younger generation knew that Bernard Shaw had made a considerable reputation as a writer on music before he became famous as a dramatist. But Sir Edward Elgar had not forgotten the impression made on him in his student days by Shaw's articles; and when he was consulted as to the critic whose selection for the impending notice would be most agreeable to him, he at once named Bernard Shaw. Shaw immediately laid aside his theatrical and political work, and wrote the article which follows:

EDWARD ELGAR, the figure-head of music in England, is a composer whose rank it is neither prudent nor indeed possible to determine. Either it is one so high that only time and posterity can confer it, or else he is one of the Seven Hungbys of Christendom. Contemporary judgments are sound enough on Second Bests; but when it comes to Bests they acclaim ephemerals as immortal and simultaneously denounce immortals as pestilent charlatans.

Elgar has not left us any room to hedge. From the beginning, quite naturally and as a matter of course, he has played the great game and professed the Best. He has taken up the work of a great man so spontaneously that it is impossible to believe that he ever gave any consideration to the enormity of the assumption, or was even conscious of it. But there it is, unmistakable. To the north countryman who, on hearing of Wordsworth's death, said, "I suppose his son will carry on the business," it would be plain to-day that Elgar is carrying on Beethoven's business. The names are up on the shop front for everyone to read. ELGAR, LATE BEETHOVEN & CO., Classics and Italian & German Warehousemen, Symphonies, Overtures, Chamber Music, Ocotinis, Bagatelles.

This, it will be seen, is a very different challenge from that of say, Debussy and Stravinsky. You can rave about Stravinsky without the slightest risk of being classed as a lunatic by the next generation. You can declare the "Après Midi d'un Faune" the most delightful and enchanting orchestral piece ever written without really compromising yourself. But, if you say that Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture combines every classic quality of a concert overture with every lyric and dramatic quality of the overture of Die Meistersinger, you are either uttering a platitude as safe as a compliment to Handel on the majesty of the Hallelujah Chorus, or else damning yourself to all critical posterity by a gaffe that will make your grandson blush for you.

Personally, I am prepared to take the risk. What do I care about my grandson? Give me "Cockaigne." But my recklessness cannot settle the question. It would be so much easier if "Cockaigne" were *genre music*, with the Westminster chimes, scratches of Yip-I-daddy, and the march of the costermongers to Covent Garden. Then we should know where we are: the case would be as simple as Gilbert and Sullivan.

But there is nothing of the kind: the material of the "Cockaigne" overture is purely classical. You may hear all sorts of stories in it, and it may tell you all sorts of stories; but it is classical music as Beethoven's "Les Adieux" sonata is classical music: it tells you no story external to itself and yourself. The question, when you hear it, is whether it appeals to the temporal or the eternal in us; in other words, whether it will be alive or dead in the twenty-first century?

Certain things one may say without hesitation. For example, that Elgar could turn out Debussy and Stravinsky music by the thousand bars for fun in his spare time. That to him such stand-

ards as the whole-tone scale of Debussy, the Holmholian chords of Scriabin, the exciting modulations of the operatic school, the zylphone and celesta into classical concerts, are what farthings are to a millionaire. That his range is so Handelian that he can give the people a universal melody or march with as sure a hand as he can give the Philharmonic Society a symphonic adagio, such as has not been given since Beethoven died. That, to come down to technical things, his knowledge of the orchestra is almost uncanny.

When Gerontius made Elgar widely known, there was a good deal of fine writing about it; but what every genuine connoisseur in orchestration must have said at the first hearing (among other things) was, "What a devil of a fortissimo!" Here was no literary paper instrumentation, no muddle and noise, but an absolutely new energy given to the band by a consummate knowledge of exactly what it could do and how it could do it. We were fed up to the throat at that time with mere piquancies of orchestration: every score of ballets could scatter pearls from the *pasdieu chinois* (alla jingling Johnny) over the plush and cotton velvet of his harmonies; but Elgar is no mere effect monger: he takes the whole orchestra in his hand and raises every separate instrument in it to its highest efficiency until its strength is as the strength of ten. One was not surprised to learn that he could play them all, and was actually something of a virtuoso on instruments as different as the violin and trombone.

The enormous command of existing resources, which this orchestral skill of his exemplifies, extends over the whole musical field, and explains the fact that, though he has a most active and curious mind, he does not appear in music as an experimenter and explorer, like Scriabin and Schönberg. He took music where Beethoven left it, and where Schumann and Brahms found it. Naturally he did not pick up and put on the shackles that Wagner had knocked off, any more than he wore his trumpet parts in tonic and dominant circles in the eighteenth century manner, as some of his contemporaries made a point of honor of doing, for the sake of being in the classical fashion. But his musical mind was formed before Wagner reached him; and his natural power over the material then available was so great that he

was never driven outside it by lack of means for expressing himself.

He was no keyboard composer: music wrote itself on the skies for him, and wrote itself in the language perfected by Beethoven and his great predecessors. With the same inheritance, Schumann, who had less faculty and less knowledge, devotedly tried to be another Beethoven, and failed. Brahms, with a faculty as convenient as Elgar's, was a musical sensualist with intellectual affections, and succeeded only as an incoherent voluptuary, too fundamentally addicted to make anything great out of the delicious musical luxuries he wallowed in. Mendelssohn was never really in the running: he was, in his own light, impetuous and often lovely style, *sui generis*, superficial if you like, but always his own unique self, composing in an idiom invented by himself, not following a school and not founding one.

Elgar, neither an imitator nor a voluptuary, went his own way without bothering to invent a new language, and by sheer personal originality produced symphonies that are really symphonies in the Beethovenian sense, a feat in which neither Schumann, Mendelssohn nor Brahms, often as they tried, ever succeeded convincingly. If I were king, or Minister of Fine Arts, I would give Elgar an annuity of five thousand dollars a year on condition that he produce a symphony every eighteen months.

It will be noted, I hope, that this way of Elgar's, of accepting the language and forms of his art in his time as quite sufficient for anyone with plenty of courage and a masterly natural command of them, is the way of Shakespeare, of Bach, of all the greatest artists. The notion that Wagner was a great technical innovator is now seen to be a delusion that had already done duty for Mozart and Handel; it meant nothing more than that the born-great composer always has the courage and common sense not to be a pedant.

Elgar has certainly never any pedantry stored in his way. He has indeed not been aware of its academic stumbling blocks; for, like Bach, he has never been taught harmony and counterpoint. A person who had been corrupted by Day's treatise on harmony once tried to describe the music of Wagner's to him by a reference to the chord of the super-tonic. Elgar opened his eyes wide, and, with an awe which (Continued on page 150)



SIR
EDWARD
ELGAR

Photo by
Hoyce

SOULIÉ'S BODICE
IS LOOSE AND WRINKLED AND HIS SKIRT
DEFTLY WIDENED BY DRAPERY



So that summer suns might invite one abroad, but not mar the complexion with their intensity, Soulié makes the hat above of white straw, turning its brim down over the eyes and adding a towering crown of black satin and white tulle. On chilly days one wears an enveloping wrap of beige silk, with loose embroidered sleeves and a deep collar of plaid silk, which further enhances the quaint effect given by the hat.



Bands of embroidery, stiff ruffles and, above all, tulle go far to make the springtime mode delightful. Soulié uses white crepe Georgette for the undershirt of the frock at the right, and over it drapes a tunic of mauve tulle, embroidered with bands of mauve silk and weighted at the bottom with a deep aigrette ruche that billows alluringly.

Over the simplest frock of black and white Soulié suggests this a cape be worn, and makes one of gray cloth, with a wide loose band just a bit lighter in tone than the rest of the wrap. An oddly-shaped furred swing from the cracked collar and matches in color the soft gray threads that embroider the cape above and below the center band.



For semi-formal wear a frock is trimmed with lace, and very often the sheer mesh is dyed to match the foundation of the frock. At the left, crisp Georgie in two lovely shades of blue makes the foundation of a gown, and from beneath the wide taffeta girdle there ripples a pretty "apron" of blue lace.

If you would be quite sure that your frock is a decided success, make it with a simple bodice and give it an "apron," for all Paris is captivated by them. At the left above, Soullé interprets the apron frock in blue taffeta with an underskirt of brown striped taffeta, and the overdress simply turned up in peasant fashion.

For afternoons there is at the left a frock of vivid green taffeta that has the modish width over the hips, as well as loose, graceful panels. Soullé combines the green fabric with black satin and embroiders it all with black silk.

Against a background of grey-striped garden awnings and delicious tea-tables, what could be more fascinating than the garden-party frock of white taffeta at the right, softly draped at the hips and vested with the same sheer mousseline that makes the sleeves? Soullé trims it with black.





On a background of dull rose, small buds in green and white bloom to make the adorable fustard from which Soulié fashions his gown at the left. He drapes the skirt up from the front, so that it may be a little shorter in the back, and perversely lightens the coverage. At the waist-line one tucks in a large rose and collars the gown with a frill of white organdie

SPRINGTIME COLORS ARE IN SOULIÉ'S SCHEME, BUT HE FAVORS BLACK AND WHITE

Shirts this season do very unexpected and attractive things, and often remain loose where heretofore they were tightly seamed, while not a few puff out bottle fashion in back. Just such an one forms the foundation for Soulié's gown above. To make the skirt he has used black satin, left it loose down the front, puffed it a bit in back, and topped it with a simply-cut bodice, whose extremely short sleeves and trimming of fine jet embroidery are very smart indeed.

Springtime and frocks of black and white are quite synonymous this season, and there are endless ways in which they may be developed. Soulié, for instance, plays black Georgie crêpe for the frock at the right, giving it much fulness over one hip and making the sleeves short and loose. Then on the left side he drapes a panel of fustard in black and white, and about the waist crinkles soft satin to make a lovely sash with fluttering ends. The fringed parasol is an afterthought.





If one were to have a stringline wedding with the yellow of daffodils and buttercups for the chosen color, there could be nothing lovelier for the bridemaids to wear than Sossili's gown above. Over a slender undergarment of white satin he has hung a tunic of soft yellow crêpe Georgette, edged with deep bands of creamy Chantilly. The sheer covering of yellow has been embroidered with silver threads and trimmed with the exquisite lace, while to top it all there is a broad hat of Chantilly, faced with crêpe Georgette and trimmed with a single pink rose that blossoms artistically at the edge of the brim.

Evening wraps, as well as frocks, have chosen black and white for their favored colors and distinctive bits of trimming or unusual silhouettes to make them smart. This particularly desirable model has long loose sleeves that may be worn in the normal fashion or, if one prefers, the arm may slip through an opening in the seam. Should makes the wrap of white moire and lines it with black velvet to match the collar, deep cuffs and huge loops that trim it. There are no fastenings to hold it in place in front, so one draws it closely about the figure or allows it to hang free to suit the mood and season.



SOFT DRAPERY AND THE BRIDE'S RARE LACE LEND
THEIR CHARM TO THE WEDDING-PARTY

This season more than any other, perhaps, the bride will choose rare laces to adorn the lustrous ivory satin of her wedding-gown, and catch in it her softly crushed girle a trailing garland of orange-buds. Miss E. M. A. Steinmetz, who created the gown, suggests for the maid of honor a dress that bespeaks every grace in its modishly long-waisted corsage and deftly draped skirt.



At Nice one saw the newest of jackets, fashioned entirely of soft white kid, buttoned and belted in front, but straight and slender in the back. Recluse is Mademoiselle wore a plaid skirt in gray, green, red and white. Another attractive tailleur was the second above of blue serge, with a plaited tunic that hung below the box coat.

One of the enveloping capes seen at Nice was white Jersey tricot, gathered upon a yoke and fringed at the end of its scarf collar. With it was worn a Talbot hat of brown straw cloth, banded with black silk ribbon. At the left of the pillar there is a beige wool jacket and hat; at the right a serge-collared yellow cheviot cape.

WIDER SKIRTS—LOW WAIST-LINES—MUCH DRAPERY—TINY PUFFED SLEEVES—SO THE PARIS OPENINGS DECREÉE

SO far the short skirt triumphs. Skirts are short and many are straight and slender in silhouette, although actually much wider than last season. Poiret, perhaps, makes more wide skirts than any of the other houses, but even Poiret shows many with the slender silhouette. Many skirts are plaited and full straight. Inch-wide box-plaits and accordion-plaits are all employed by the different houses this year.

The waist-line is generally placed at the top of the hips and often about the broadest part of the hips—in the form of a girdle, tied in front or on the side. The Egyptian influence visible is the

collection of Madeleine and Madeleine is responsible for the position of the waist-line in that house, some of the girdles being extremely low.

Another line favored by all the houses crosses the front at rather a low "normal" line and rounds down in the back to several inches lower than the front, the skirt being attached to the front-top on this drooping line. In some cases the corsage is straight and long, extending well to the top of the hips. It is lengthened in the back by a five-inch girdle which is sewn to the corsage across the back only, drooping in front to several inches below the corsage where it is knotted, the ends falling to below the knee.

Again, the close-fitting corsage ends abruptly at the waist-line above a widely flaring skirt. Poiret shows a serge frock with the belt posed at a very high line—the skirt distended in paniers at a point well above the hips. In another Poiret frock the corsage consists merely of a five-inch folded girdle of tulle placed at the bustline, the wide long tulle skirt flaring from this girdle and trailing on the floor.

The high collar has practically disappeared from the gaudes matous—each house showing one or two models—no more. Sleeves are interesting. There is a long close sleeve, and a long straight Chinese sleeve, and a long sleeve—Poiret

The *pasier* frock for evening wear is still the mode in Paris, and more alluring and enchanting ones than ever are being created by the couturiers. Bulloz chooses brown tulle for the see at the right and adds pink roses for color.



BULLOZ

ROLANDE

MOLYNEUX

ROLANDE

PANIERI, BUSTLES AND BASQUES ARE

Rolande's evening frock of tulle brocade above has the skirt made entirely of scalloped loops of the fabric.

The déshabillé will delight in Molyneux's gown of silver brocade and silver lace, with a leather poppy at the girdle.

The "cyprien" has captured Paris, and so Rolande adds a black and white plaid one to a frock of jet-black tulle.

features it—which flares to the wrist where it is turned back in a wide cuff. Many sleeves are short, and there are many puffed sleeves—usually flaring sharply from a "dropped" shoulder-seam and gathered again as sharply into a tiny band. Odd is the tiny puffed sleeve, which is seamed in an odd fashion—as if over a mould—making of the sleeve a sort of creaseless bulb of serge or muslin. And it should be remembered that many of these puffed sleeves, even in frocks of serge or tulle, are of muslin.

One other sleeve, short or long, is featured everywhere. This is a sleeve with a close short top, often a ruffian or kimono effect at the shoulder—and a plaided lower part which widens, fan-like, when the arm is lifted. Often this plaided section extends from a bit above the middle of the upper arm to the wrist, while sometimes it falls no lower than the elbow.

There is much drapery. Jenny places pouched drapery on the front of the skirt; Premet pulls out bottle-like loops of tulle in the back; some of the houses place it at the side or side-back of the skirt. Madeleine and Madeleine have a way of drawing folds of silk closely about the figure and up to a point on the left hip in front, where a great knot or loop of silk rests like a great butterfly.

Jackets vary from a brief, collarless, short-sleeved bolero or Eton to a knee-length coat, fitted to the waist-line and flaring below. Some are very short and close-fitting to the waist-line, rippling out sharply over the hips, some are narrow and straight, falling just to the top of the

hips, some—"box" in style—are half-length. In all jackets this season there is a surprising absence of the belt and a tendency—sometimes little more—to width at the hips.

Capes are not so numerous as last season—a loose cloak, often not quite as long as the frock, being preferred. Such a cloak of serge, for instance, is pretty over a foulard frock. Madeleine and Madeleine show a black satin cape of pretty shape, lined with bright green gabardine over a bright green frock. Poirot shows a green coat combined with black satin over a frock of gaily figured foulard. Martial and Armand show a cloak of bright green and wool poplin, trimmed with jet, over a black and green frock.

In colors there is much black and maroon, strawberry red, green and a great deal of yellow. In tones this season first place is given to a fine cashmere-like wool poplin, with serge, kasha, gabardine, bure and cloth as well. Tulle is preferred to satin, and there is much crêpe Georgette and organdie and tulle of course.

Ruffia is much used in embroidery and there is, besides, a raffia ribbon and even a raffia tulle, resembling heavy, crinkly crepe, which may be used for gilets or blouses. Jenny uses straw fur for coat-collars, and there are woven straw girdles and ornaments of all sorts.

Poirot trims one frock with wide pieces of "rag carpet"—that is, a thin, fine sort of woven strips of tulle exactly like rag carpet in appearance. Madeleine uses metal rings and beads in a very decorative but heavy sort of embroidery. Premet makes collars of sports coats of heavy wool embroidery, like crocheted or tricot of a thick, elaborate sort. All the houses employ *gazon ciré* as trimming, and all feature the *raffia* or *rauche* of



MOLYNEUX

Over a silver under-slip with a narrow harem skirt, Molyneux hangs a skirt of silvery muslin-line, embroidered with bright and dull silver.

PREMET'S
TAFFETA FROCKS HAVE
THE NEWEST PARIS
SILHOUETTE

The bustle is here again, upon frocks of taffeta for the waist part, and is delightful in its puffy silhouette. At the right Premet makes a frock of figured rose taffeta and silver lace with a huge bustle drapery that covers the entire back of the fashionably short skirt.

PREMET



PREMET

The back of Premet's rose taffeta gown shows a simple bodice and short, almost apologetic, sleeves, edged with delicate silver lace. The skirt is treated drily, so that the bustle may not only stand out stiffly, but ripple right down to the very hem.



PREMET

PREMET

Above at the left large roses bloom upon the lovely perishable blue of a taffeta evening gown, and, although the back is distended with a huge bustle drapery, the underskirt is quite narrow and ruffled with frayed taffeta in a modish fashion.

For daytime old blue taffeta is in order, providing, of course, that the frock is bustled. Premet enlarges the one above with red and blue straw and pushes the skirt out on each hip, while the corsage becomes a giraffe in back and ties in a bow.

and falling plain in the back, and a gorgeous frock of scintillating brocade with a coral red lining which shows here and there.

Many Jenny Skirts Are Draped in Front

IN Jenny's large, varied and very lovely collection skirts are short and usually plaited, jacketed—some of them—very short, straight and loose, sleeves short or long and straight, and girdles are usually placed at the hips. Several smart models show this extremely low giraffe, tied in front, with ends falling to the knee.

Many skirts are knosed—the flounces often plaited—serge flounces are side-plaited or box-plaited, while flounces of satin crepe, for instance are laid in extremely small plaits with pretty effect. Some skirts are narrow, but, as a rule, skirts at the Maison Jenny are rather wide, some being tightened in at the hem and finished with a ruche.

Instead of spreading in paniers on the hips or bulging in bustle drapery in the back, many of the new Jenny skirts are draped in front—paniers and bustle drapery, as it were, worn in front. The effect is odd, new and pretty. One of these models, in black taffeta, has a close-fitting corsage topped with an upstanding fringe of old-blue ostrich-feathers with small rose and red flowers falling from the décolletage in front. The black taffeta frock bulges in draped folds just in front of the hips on each side, while the back falls straight and scantily full from the waist-line.

"Daughter" is a startlingly pretty model in black taffeta with a very wide skirt flaring, flounce stitched to flounce, from the waist-line. The close-fitting corsage is collared with white organdie, edged with two ruffles of gold ribbon. There are no sleeves. Underneath the wide skirt—and the skirt is extremely wide at its scalloped lower edge—is worn a plain little pair of short black taffeta trousers, edged with two rows of plaited gold ribbon.

A murmur of admiration. (Continued on page 164)



PREMET

Exactly like a winning young person of the eighties is the lady above, except that her skirt is comfortably short and the waist comfortably fitting. Premet says black and white plaid taffeta and makes it over an undershirt of plain black taffeta. All the scalloped edges of the plaid tunic are frayed.

FIVE PARISIAN WAYS
IN WHICH TO MAKE
ONE'S SERGE

A bit of the redingote has crept into Lelong's frock at the right, and two folds of material form gates over each hip and fall quite a little below the skirt edge. The frock is of gray serge, embroidered with black, and it opens over a white muslin chemisette. Black taffeta ties in a bow at the neck.

LELONG



Paris fancies serge frocks this season that are light in hue and elaborated a bit. One charming instance is Lelong's creation of light blouet serge, cut with a basque bodice and trimmed with fringe made by fraying the material. From the lower part of the surplus bodice in the back there hangs a wide loose panel of the serge.

LELONG



BULLOZ

Over an underdress of black satin Bulloz suggests a tunic of blue serge, embroidered with motifs of black raffia, and old-blue and red threads. When the serge tunic is removed, the slip may be used as a frock. A novel feature is that.

Francis blue serge is striped with gold and silver to make Martial et Armand's frock at the right and combined with plain blue serge. Across the front only there is a black satin girdle and a small gilt shawl at the open front.

Another light-colored serge frock is sketched at the extreme right. It is soft grayish beige, and the middle of the front and back of its tunic is plaited. For cuffs and collar, organdie has been embroidered with black toile circle.



MARTIAL ET ARMAND



She was temporarily a creature of the most delicious indiscretion

SOMEONE had sent them to her with a card saying tritely, "Hope the party didn't bore you last night," and Lila, when she left her room that afternoon, had thrust them in her belt.

They were richer-looking than most yellow roses, with a flush of summer at the hearts of them, and they gave out a rather extraordinary fragrance, not heavy but persistent. Lila was conscious of that fragrance and luxuriated in it, faintly amused at her own susceptibility.

From the crown of her wide-brimmed hat she looked out to the tips of her narrow white buckskin shoes, she was as cool as a pond-sky, and she looked it. For a long time—a period, say, of at least three years—she had been bored, and she looked that, too.

Her eyes, wide and dark and lovely as they were, were yet the eyes of patient and unrepentant disillusionment. She had a smile which accepted nothing, rejected nothing and left most things lying where it found them. However, the eyes were dark-lashed and clear, the smile was soft-tipped and tipped up maddeningly at the corners, so that Lila's boredom did not get over always of itself, but had not infrequently to be explained in detail to ambitious young men who wished to alleviate it.

One such young man was the donor of the yellow roses.

Lila had come out to escape him. She had a feeling that he was working toward a crisis of the emotions, and she had no notion of having her stay in New Orleans spoiled by any such awkwardness. So she pinned on his roses, half a dozen of them, that is to say, and fled. They perceptibly adorned her gown, which was white and in turn adorned herself delightfully.

Under her arm she carried, not a bouquet—like the old lady of the nursery rhyme, you remember—but a book, a volume of poems, which she had been reading, when the impulse took her to go forth, and which she had not quite wanted to put down. It was a modest and inconspicuous-looking book, but the poems had been instinct with the maddest sort of romance, and while Lila did not believe in romance she liked to read

YELLOW ROSES

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

Illustrated by Walter Everett

about it. Most people do. Also she knew that she was safe from any sort of infatuation such books might hope to have upon her. . . .

So she stood at the corner of Royal and Conti at about an hour before sunset of that delicious afternoon in mid-May and swallowed a yawn. Down the street the sky was turning slightly paler as a preliminary to burnished ardors; one short block away a street-piano began, in a spatter of high notes, tinkly over, upon "Il Trovatore." Above Lila's rather languid little head a girl with great black eyes and a somewhat greasily crimson mouth leaned out from a wrought-iron balcony. Narrow-fronted, close-windowed houses showed each other forebodingly along the sidewalk. The Quarter was at its by no means despicable best, happily done with what it was pleased to call the day's work, lazily ready, or very nearly ready, for dinner and thin French claret. I repeat, nevertheless, that Lila swallowed a yawn.

BECAUSE she had nothing else in especial to do, she continued on her way. Eventually, she came to an old negro woman, sweeping the *Angouste* before a great wide gaping door with a tarnished knocker.

The door gave upon a courtyard. Lila glanced in—and was lost. She thought of Let's wife, with a flicker of deliberate humor. So long as you retain analytical understanding of your own impulses, there is never any harm in giving away to them. She approached the old woman with a smile and a little gesture of one slim-fingered white hand toward the open doorway. . . .

"She's kin", said the old woman amiably.

Lila looked. The courtyard called her from the first.

It lay at the end of a passageway, roofed and walled in gray time-tempered stone. There was an arch, a lantern . . . wrought-iron enclosing sides of misty glass . . . and then a palm-tree, proud as Lucifer, a date-palm, set in a close-walled space under a delicate sky of powder-blue.

"Go long in and look all yo'-all likes," recommended the old woman with unexpected appreciation—"taint gwine ha't nuttin' ner nobody. . . ."

Lila went in. I am aware that she approached the place abruptly, came upon it almost with a stumble, one might say, in the midst of her boredom, almost in the midst of her swallowed yawn. That, however, is life, which unlike art sometimes cuts corners.

The little half-smile wavered on Lila's lips, when her feet first trod those enchanted flags. She took the old woman's kindly permission and entered, touched with a vague, unfamiliar excitement.

When she stood at the end of the passageway, she was aware at once of an exquisite sense of satisfaction. A moonflower vine, large-leaved and opulent, clung to the furthest wall. There were long fleshy buds, yellowish like cream, which would presently be blooms of shameless magic, when the night came down. Above the wall and the moonflower vine loomed windows, set in an austere mysterious building of cathedral-like proportions. Lila knew in a moment of breathless visualization that those distant windows would mean to that court-yard after night-fall . . . means of tray and brazen color on the drk . . . she found herself longing to come back and verify them.

The side-walls showed, one, a dignified blankness of outlook; one, the windows and doors of what must have been the slaves' wing of the house, across which wing a stairway angled steeply to the ground, stopping on its way at a variety of unnecessary but delightfully picturesque little landings. There was an old green-painted iron bench beneath the palm-tree. . . .

"It is exactly," said Lila to herself, "the sort of thing which I had always supposed didn't exist."

She drew an unconscious sigh, and found the old negro woman at her elbow. A silver piece changed hands unobtrusively.

"Thank you," said Lila. "It's a very lovely piece, isn't it?"

"Yas'm, dis' what I hears de wife folks say." Subservience, the trained habit of a lifetime, gave way to secret pride:

"Ain' nobody home, ef' yo' likes to see de rooms up-stairs."

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" said Lila hurriedly. "Ain' nobody home but me—be ain' gwine come back 'til seven o'clock to-night."

"The person who lives here, you mean?"

"Yas'm—mah boss—be's don' g'ne away—cumin' home to-night—dis' w'y ah'm cleanin' up."

Lila considered hesitantly. The thing seemed altogether outrageous, but somehow irresistible. She surrendered with the conservative's thrill in doing what she felt she should've.

"Oh, very well—I should like to see..."

A moment later she was following the old woman up a wide enclosed stairway leading off the passage.

Afterward, when Lila reflected on that first unbelievable moment in this room overlooking the courtyard, she tried in vain to reconstruct her feelings. Surprise, of course—a kind of youthful thrill like streaming bubbles in the veins, to which she had long been stranger—but over and beyond surprise exultation that anything should be so barefacedly romantic, so exotic and yet so undeniably real.

"Jes' yo' look around! all yo' wanter," urged the old woman from the doorway of the inner room. "Ah got er heap er cleanin' up ter do in hyer yit."

She tactfully disappeared. Lila heard her singing to herself between the swishings of a broom...

There were great wide arched Spanish-seeming windows, hung in some Eastern stuff sprinkled with dark embroideries and little gleaming bits of looking-glass, which looked out upon the courtyard and the palm-tree. Lila stood by the widest window and steeped her soul in the allure of the place.

Behind her was a table with a lamp, shaded in faded amber silk, and an eddily assorted lot of books, mostly novels, not too modern. More books crowded a slim black walnut book-case on the other side of the room and spilled out a set of shelves.

There were pictures on the walls, wilful, unrelated pictures, a pastel of bayon, gleaming sultrily between dim live-oak-shaded banks; a Beardsley drawing of Poe's black cat; an oversweet steel engraving of a woman's head, in the manner of the early seventies; a rather good French print, naïvely shocking—white, against a closed door hung with shadowy dark silk, gleamed the most amazing lantern that Lila had ever seen, greenish brass, studded with great crimson and blue and purple stones. It was a lantern which might have lighted Scherezade to conversational safety—or one of the Comtes Drolatiques to a successful ending.

Lila went to stand beneath it, intrigued beyond words, and found herself directly facing the gentlest St. Chrysostom that she had ever seen. Black-robed and priestly, he spread thin hands in blessing from the top of a tall, narrow table, while either side of his biogue holiness stood small adoring angels. They were entirely Gallic angels—worshipful of gesture, reverent hands folded upon white-draped breasts, gold-tipped wings rising into prayerful points behind bent heads—but such heads! Such sophisticated white curls flowing carefully down upon such small voluptuous shoulders! Such small, coquettish pink and white faces!

With the tips of her fingers, Lila touched them curiously.

"You," she whispered to the one on the right of St. Chrysos-

tom, "are Ninon de l'Enclos—and you—" to the one on the left, "are Macon Lescout. You demure little hypocrites!—whatever are you doing beside that unsuspecting saint?"

She turned, leaning against the wall beneath the unexaggerated lantern, and a smile touched her mouth.

She was thinking that she could see, as distinctly as if he were facing her from the doorway of the inner room, the man to whom this place belonged: deep romantic eyes, thick-lashed and dreaming, fine sensitive mouth, beautifully-folded chin, thick dark hair, a little overlong perhaps—but then one needsn't be critical. He would be young, undoubtedly, and ardent—and he would smoke a great many cigarettes of an evening, lounging in the window there beneath a warm, honey-colored moon... the small wise woman-angels watching him from beneath the outspread hands of their patron saint. He would undoubtedly wear a flowing tie, this man whose hands had hung the Delhi curtains in the same room with a faded French print and a mid-Victorian bookcase—it was by no means incredible that he should wear a black velvet jacket—Rodolphe and Mimì drifted through Lila's mind... Rodolphe—that was it! Rodolphe, with just a dash of Bel-Ami!

Lila visualized him slim and panther-supple, leaning against the doorway, smiling not without a sort of subtle insolence... the kind of man that women adored—and for whom they made mistakes... the kind of man whose faces women remembered, and deliciously feared, returned to... again and again...

There ought to be delicate footprints on the floor—elusive hints of fragrance in the curtains—

a glove or a gossamer handkerchief forgotten on the table... it was that and that only the room lacked; otherwise, the perfect haunt of Romance.

Lila flushed and cast a sidelong glance into the inner room where the old woman, still singing in a cracked sweet falsetto, was busy with broom and dust-pan. No audience there—the ancient warbler was obviously whole-souled in her task. Seeing which, teeth on her lower lip and eyes narrowing to a smile, Lila opened the book she carried and moving with swift light footsteps laid it thus open upon the table beside the window. Across a page, already dog-eared and delicately lined in pencil, she laid the sweetly drooping yellow roses, drawn from the jeweled pin that held them to her waist.

First, though, she bent one breathless moment above the underscored lines—Romance in that moment had her by the hand. She was a creature, temporarily, of delicious indiscretion—almost the dark-eyed young man in the black velvet jacket looked over her slender shoulder—almost they read together:

"Do you remember once, in Paris of glad faces,

The night we wandered off under the third moon's rays

And leaving far behind bright streets and busy places,

Stood where the Seine flowed down between its quiet quays?

"The city's voice was hushed; the placid bastros

Mirrored the walls across where orange win-

dows burned. (Continued on page 154)



"Not nearly so alive as now," whispered Lila, the shameless

THROUGH *the* EYES of a MARINE
The Strikingly Original War Drawings by Claggett Wilson



"Saviors
of France."
In the spirit,
Jeanne d'Arc,
St. Louis
and Clovis.
In the flesh,
the hands of
the common
soldier; over
the steaming
battle-field
hovers, like a
sea of pale
lilies, a my-
riad of ap-
peaching
hands.

IN marked contrast to the volume and quality of the literature which has come out of the war is the scarcity and, in general, the stereotyped nature of the art produced under its stimulus. True, there have been occasional pictures, such as Sargent's "Gassed," which have stood out; but until Knodler presented the drawings of Claggett Wilson, there had seemed to be no collection of battle-field impressions giving the diverse points of view of a combatant.

Claggett Wilson went to France, in June 1917, as a private in the 5th Regiment of Marines, was later transferred to the 4th French Army for experience as a line officer, saw action on the Chemin des Dunes, and at Rheims and Verdun, rejoining the Marines just before the Bois de Belleau fight. After being evacuated to the hospital at Dijon, he was made aide to Brig. Gen. Neville, commanding the Marine Brigade, and was in action until the signing of the Armistice.

But Claggett Wilson needs no official certificate to prove that he was in the thick of the fighting. His drawings bear ample witness to that. Many are horrible, a few are fraught with a grim humor, and all are vital in both conception and color.



"Marine Scout on the Lucy-Tercy Road at Duth"—a whimsical drawing typifying the raw-boned marine, gawky but alert.

"Vision"—Easter morning in the trenches before Rheims. A Madonna and soldiers' hands raised in supplication.



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